☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD

VOICES OF PROPHECY.

When I to the woodland was wont to repair,
In the season of pleasure and mirth,
It rustled to myriad flocks of the air
And numberless tribes of the earth.

How slender the sound that is echoed here now
These bright, frozen arches to thrill—
The snap of a twig or the creak of a bough,
Or the sigh of the wind on the hill.

The nest of the warbler is empty and tossed;
The partridge is lonely and shy;
And, clad in a livery white as the frost,
The rabbit slips silently by.

The squirrel is hid in the heart of a tree,
Secure from the sleet and the snow.
And who was so merry and saucy as he?—
The jauntiest fellow I know!

Yet, under the burden of ice at its brink,
All shining and glassy and gray,
The sweet-throated stream where I loitered to drink
Is murmuring still on its way.

And hark! what a note from the dusky retreat
The bird of the winter sends forth!
Who taught you defiance of tempest and sleet,
O, lover and loved of the North?

Though forest and hill-side are heavy with snow,
Yet hope is alive in the breast—
The water, imprisoned, is calling below;
The chickadee chirps of her nest!

—*Dora Read Goodale, in St. Nicholas.*

A FAMILY MYSTERY.

What My Grandmother's Black Stone Jar Contained.

When my Grandfather Ryse died, grandmother came to live at our house. She was my mother's mother, and the only grandmother my brothers and sisters and I had ever had. Father's mother died long before any of us were born. We were very glad to have Grandmother Ryse come and live with us. Her husband had died in a distant State, and mother had gone at once to bring grandmother to our house. I remember with what eagerness we children made ready to meet mother and grandmother on their return.

We lived in the country, and father had said that all of us might go to town with him, as it was in the fall of the year, and there was not much to do at home. There were six of us, beside father, to climb into the big farm wagon, and ride five miles to the railroad station. We saw mother come out of the car first, and behind her was a little old lady, dressed in black. In her arms she carried a black stone jar. Its mouth was covered with a clean white cloth, tied down smooth and tight with many rounds of cord. "What can she have in that jar?" asked my brother Jeff of me, before grandmother had reached us, with her quaint "How de do!" and her kiss on each of our mouths.

"It can't be mince-meat," said Jeff, with a half-hopeful look, for Jeff was inordinately fond of mince-pies, and mother had often said:

"Wait until grandma comes to see us, and she'll make you some mince-pies that *are* mince-pies." But no mince-pies ever came out of that jar.

Grandmother had insisted on its being put on the seat beside her, and she kept her eyes on it all the way home.

"May be it's full of money," said sister Katie; and for a long time after that we children were all very respectful to the jar, under the impression that Katie's surmise had been correct.

Grandmother had the jar carried up to her room and put on a high shelf in her closet. We heard mother say once that grandmother was very poor, and that damaged Katie's theory of the jar being filled with money. We asked mother one day if she knew what was in the mysterious jar.

"O, not much of anything," she said, with great indifference. "It is an old family relic and I suppose grandma wants to keep it. I remember seeing it when I was a little girl." But this answer did not satisfy six curious boys and girls.

Grandmother Ryse lived at our house two years, and then went to stay a year with my aunt in Colorado and the jar went with her, packed carefully in the center of her feather tick, for Grandmother Ryse had a horror of "new-fangled" things in the way of hair and spring mattresses, and would sleep on feathers only. When she came home from Colorado, we children all assembled to meet her at the station, and we saw that jar coming out of the car door almost before we saw grandma herself.

"Them keerless Murray boys forgot to pack it in with my feathe-bed," she said; "and I had no idee or leaving a good jar like that, so I jest brung it along in the car with me."

Jeff whispered to me, and said he would as soon travel with a young pig as with a jar like that. But we would all have been glad to see our jolly old grandmother, even though she traveled with a whole pottery. The Murray boys, who had forgotten to pack grandmother's jar, were our cousins, and a few weeks later one of them wrote this to me:

What do you suppose grandmother keeps in that old black jar? Brother Sam and I tried to find out, but we couldn't. You know grandmother don't like inquisitive people, and she is so particular about her things. Sam tried to climb up to a high shelf to peep into the jar once, and fell down and nearly broke his head. If you and Jeff find out what is in the jar, you let us know.

I wrote that we would, but despaired of ever getting a peep into the jar, for mother had long ago forbidden us to go into grandma's room, unless she invited us there. Once when she had called us all in, to show us some old pictures of grandfather, and had given us all sweet anise and cardamon seeds, I asked, in my most insinuating tone:—

"Grandmother, what is in that funny old black jar up there?"

My brothers and sisters all pricked up their ears, but grandmother simply gave a merry little laugh, and said:

Snaps and snails,
And little dogs' tails.

Grandmother was fond of traveling, and the next spring she went to New Jersey to spend six months with a son who lived there. And that jar went with her. It came home with her in the fall and was restored to its place on the closet shelf in her room. The next March grandmother went up to Minnesota to spend the summer with her youngest daughter.

"You boys pack that jar carefully now," she said, as she came slowly down stairs with the clumsy thing in her hands and set it down carefully on the feather-bed. "I wouldn't have that jar broken for a good deal. They don't make such jars nowadays, and this one's full of——" But at that some one called grandmother and the sentence was never ended. Jeff and I tried hard to get a peep into the jar that time, but there was a stone lid under the white cloth and we dared not remove the cloth. My brothers and sisters came out, and we all stood around the jar. We "hefted" its weight, we smelled of it, rolled it over, we shook it, we thumped its sides.

Jeff had a creative mind, and was always suggesting things the rest of us never would have thought of. This time he appalled us all by saying:

"You don't suppose grandmother has gone and had grandfather cremated on the sly, and has him in this jar?"

"Jeff Barker!" cried sister Kate, as she took her nose away from the top of the jar.

"Don't you ever say such awful things again!" cried sister Mary; "it makes me sick to think of it!"

"Such things have been done," said Jeff, stontly, "and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if——"

But Mary and Kate had fled from the room, and Jeff threw himself down on the feather-bed and laughed.

One of our cousins in Minnesota wrote to me and asked:

"Do you know what grandmother has in that black jar? Ma says she has no idea what is in it, and the cousins in New Jersey wrote and asked us if grandma had brought the jar here."

Jeff and I and our two older sisters were along in our teens now, but our interest in that jar did not abate in the least.

"It's just one of grandma's whims," said mother one evening. "You know grandma is old and childish, as most people of her age are apt to be. I am sure I don't care how many old jars she has." For five years we discussed the probable contents of that jar, which came and went with grandmother in all her journeyings to and fro. She had eight children, all married, and living in different States, and she visited all of her children in those five years, and the jar went with her.

Her box was delayed for two months once on a Western railroad line, and she wrote to my mother:

"My box is not here yet, and I am having to sleep on one of them nasty hair-mattresses, which I do despise, and I feel lost without that jar. I do hope nothing will happen to it."

After that we felt more confident than ever that the jar contained hidden treasures, and most of our thirty-five cousins were also of this opinion. They had all seen the jar—the outside of it only. Some of us, great boys and girls in our teens, had lain awake nights wondering what *could* be in that jar, but I am glad to remember, now that we are all men and women, that we had too much veneration for grandmother, and too much respect for ourselves, to pry into her secret, if secret it was, by opening the jar. Even the Murray cousin who "nearly broke his head" falling from grandma's closet-shelf, indignantly denied that he had any idea of *opening* the jar. He said he simply intended to "shake it and smell of it," and he felt that his tumble was a just punishment for even this lack of respect to grandmother. At the end of the five years, grandmother was visiting in Kansas. My brothers and sisters and I were sitting around the fire one evening in November, talking about the jar and wishing it and grandma were both in our home again. We were now all firm in the conviction that the jar contained valuables that might be ours some day if we were good enough to deserve them. Our cousins all shared this belief. We had heard of stranger things, and grandfather and grandmother had both been noted for their eccentricities.

While we were sitting around the fire, father came home from town with a letter for me. It was from one of my Kansas cousins. The letter was long and "newsy," and added to it was this aggravating and exciting postscript:

"Grandmother's black jar fell down and broke all to pieces to-day. We cousins are all to share its contents equally, just as we thought. I am writing in a big hurry, so good-bye."

We were so excited that we could not sleep that night, and were fairly furious with Cousin Ben for ending his letter so abruptly. Even father and mother were interested now, and I sat down and wrote to Ben to write "immediately at once" and tell us what the jar contained. Jeff and I feared that there was a conspiracy on foot to rob us of our rightful share of the jar's contents, and there were other cousins who lay awake that night thinking the same thing, for Ben had sent postals or letters with postscrips to all the other cousins, telling them what he had told us, and no more. A whole week dragged away, and then Jeff and I wrote a saucy letter to Ben. Jeff thought I had better intimate that it would be impossible to defraud us, and suggested that I say something about "securing legal advice" if Ben did not write *at once*, and tell us what that jar contained.

Ben wrote. A postal came thre days after I had mailed the second letter. Over the postal was scrawled in blue ink:

"There wasn't a solitary thing in that jar. It was her old herb jar for her camomile, pennyroyal, everlasting and such. Poor soul! How do you wish *yours* sent?"

The stately household legend was ruined. Things are beautiful to memory only by fine association, and so I was compelled to drop the jar out of our poetic family mysteries.—*Youth's Companion.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Things Which Every Woman Is Anxious to Know.

Bird jewelry is popular.

Muffs are quite small this season.

Tea gowns are elaborate and fashionable.

Bedroom slippers are knitted of chenille.

Astrachan is a favorite trimming just now.

Military braid and cord are much worn on tailor-made suits.

Evening gloves are long, and bracelets are again worn over them.

Gray gloves, stitched on the back with black, are stylish for theater wear.

For wedding dresses the correct style demands duchesse or heavy corded silks.

Feathers and birds are much worn in the hair in place of flowers on full dress occasions.

New spring goods include colored Hamburg embroideries with which to trim wash dresses.

Newly imported dinner cards have grotesque applied figures in velvet, and afford much amusement to guests.

A housekeeper who has tried it claims that brooms dipped in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would.

Undressed kid gloves of buff hue are fashionable for balls and evening wear and are very long.

By "wash dresses" is meant dresses of any cotton or linen fabric, such as zephyr ginghams, French percales, satines and the like.

For ordinary street wear there are Tyrol Suede gloves, silk-stitched, warmer than the usual undressed kid ones, and wearing better than the old castor glove.—*N. Y. World.*

ANOTHER THING.

Where Prominent Republicans Stood in 1869 on the Question of "Executive Power."

Judging from Washington dispatches, one of the most vociferous and thorough-going of Mr. Edmunds' lieutenants in the contest of the Senate with the President is General John Alexander Logan, the son of thunder from Illinois, who never willingly lets slip a chance to lift up his voice and cry aloud. To-day, General Logan is one of the most strenuous upholders of the right of the Senate to investigate the President's reasons for suspending Republican office-holders, and in interviews with numerous correspondents he manifests a disposition to insist on all the rights which an extreme interpretation of the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office act confer upon the Senate.

It was not always thus. In 1869, when the Tenure-of-Office act was pending, General Logan was a member of the House, and his views upon the propriety of the Senatorial prerogatives were exactly opposite to those which he holds now.

At that time General Logan fought in his fiercest manner the passage of the present Tenure-of-Office act, and in his most stentorian tones demanded its abolition. His ideas upon the necessity of a total change in the incumbency of the offices were embodied in the following resolution, which he sent to the Speaker's desk and asked to have passed:

That all civil offices, except those of Judges of the United States Courts that were filled by appointment by the President of the United States, by and with the consent of the Senate, before the 4th of March, 1869, shall be vacant on the 30th day of June, 1869.

He denounced in round terms the power which the present Tenure-of-Office law could give the Senate. Among other things he said:

The Senate now provides for itself becoming the executive branch of this Government, so far as reappointing suspended officers is concerned. * * * It (the Tenure-of-Office bill, then pending) doubly gives them the power which they have wreached from the co-ordinate branches of the Government in reference to patronage. I do not claim that this is a contest for patronage, but it is a struggle for power on the part of the Senate, and nothing else. Although I have maintained this law the Tenure-of-Office act of 1867, for which the Tenure-of-Office act now in force and then pending is a substitute) to be constitutional; although I have argued in favor of its constitutionality, yet I have believed and believe now that it was passed for a purpose; not because it was demanded by the constitution, but because there was a necessity for it (the Republican necessity of bull-ragging Andrew Johnson). Having once been passed the Senate are determined, seeing how well they can hold that power in their hands, never to give it up again for fear that if they give it up now you will never give it back into their hands again.

General Logan, in the last part of the foregoing quotation, "gave" the secret of the passage of the present Tenure-of-Office act "away." The Republican representatives were almost unanimous in favor of repeal, and, of course, the Democratic representatives were to a man. So were Sherman, Morton, Yates and others of the Senators. But Trumbull, Edmunds and Conkling were strenuous for maintaining "the dignity of the Senate," and holding on to all the power they had got into their hands; and they were able to control a majority of the Senators by promising that the law would not be enforced while Republican Presidents should continue to occupy the White House. That promise was kept. No attempt was made to enforce the law until Mr. Cleveland became President.

Messrs. Hoar, Dawes, Cullom, Hale, Conger and Allison were members of the House with Logan and are now Republican Senators with him. They acquiesced in his remarks and voted with him in favor of repeal. Holding such opinions in 1869, which, by the way, are the simple truth, how do General Logan and the others above named justify their present course? An explanation is in order if they have one to give.

The doctrine which Senator Sherman asserted to be true in 1869—that all the important offices ought to be in the hands of members of the party in power—is true now. The President has certainly been moderate in making changes, and there is no tenable ground for maintaining that any greater necessity exists for the enforcement of the Tenure-of-Office act than existed then, when all these gentlemen were in favor of abolishing it, because it might be made to hamper the President in the exercise of the executive power which rightfully belonged to him. The following was the language of one of the leaders of the Republicans of the House in 1867, which General Logan, Senators Hoar and Dawes and the rest indorsed:

We have now before us a proposition to clothe the Senate with power to control the appointments made by the Executive. Now, I hold that it is against the principles of this Government that its executive officer shall be called upon to do work when he can not control independent of the officers to do that work. * * * * Why do I prefer the Executive to the Senate? The Executive is responsible. Any officer can be called before him and the Executive can say to him: "Why do you do this?" Any representative of the people can call an unworthy officer to account before the President. But the Senate sits there, one Senator being a shield for another. You go to a Senator and say: "Why was not this man turned out?" The answer is: "Oh, the Senate refused to turn him out." Each Senator is able to make the same answer to such an inquiry. You can hold no man responsible.

By the constitution, the Senate has the right to advise and consent, or to refuse to advise and consent to the President's nominations. When they undertake to go further, and seek to interfere with his right of removal, as, under the lead of Mr. Edmunds, the Republican Senators are seeking to do now, they are overstepping the constitutional boundaries of their power, and the President will be sustained by the country in his refusal to comply with their demands.

It must not be forgotten that Senators Sherman, Allison, Hoar, Dawes, Cullom, Logan, Hale and Conger are on record as professed believers in the right of the President alone to control the removals, and that Senator Evarts has solemnly declared that the interference of the Senate in such matters is unconstitutional. Yet they are now asserting the right of the Senate to restore suspended Republican office-holders to office. Circumstances alter cases with them, and all regard for consistency is flung to the winds.—*Boston Globe.*

THE PITH OF THE CASE.

Wicked Efforts of the Bell Telephone Monopoly to Divert Attention from the Real Issue.

As the *Graphic* has repeatedly said in relation to the telephone controversy now violently raging, it does not matter the toss of a button whether Attorney-General Garland goes or stays, so far as the intrinsic merits of the case are concerned. The main and essential question is whether the United States Government is to be successfully bullied and driven from a perfectly legal position by the organized clamor and threats of a gigantic monopoly. The Bell Company confederated with the Western Union and with every selfish or reckless force inimical to the Administration, started out with the explicit menace that it would politically kill any public man who dared to challenge its prerogatives or obstruct its designs. Its entire crusade is aimed to divert attention from the true issue. It pointed a thousand fingers at Garland and with a thousand voices—mostly venal exclaimed: "This is Credit Mobilierism over again. He holds stock in the rival concern. It is a flagrant scandal in high places. Let this suit be tried before the ordinary tribunals."

It seems to be legitimate criticism and a plausible proposition, but what does it really imply? No single rival company nor combination of companies can in an ordinary civil process test the fundamental point involved—that of alleged fraud. Furthermore, the existing monopoly with its income of millions and its comparatively trivial expenses can afford to prolong an ordinary suit for years, perhaps indefinitely, and in the meantime can exact heavier and heavier tribute from a public which has no redress. The telephone has become in cities a commercial necessity, yet inventors are barred out from improving it unless they dispose of their improvements, to the hungry octopus holding the original patents. Why so ferociously resist a fair, speedy and final test of the validity of that patent? This is a view of the matter that has begun to impress itself on some of our most vehement contemporaries during the past few days. Nobody has yet had the hardihood to even insinuate that Secretary Lamar was influenced in his decision by any improper motive. They do not even attack Garland except by implication. He simply did what any upright judge would do under similar circumstances—he refused to act in a case in which he was personally interested.

Let Garland go or stay as may be, the Government is responsible for the existence of the Bell monopoly, and the Government must, with reasonable proof of fraud set before it, review its own action. This is the pith of the case—*N. Y. Graphic.*

TREASURY RAIDS.

The Attempt, Through Pension Bills, to Capture "the Soldier Vote."

The figures which are given in a letter from Commissioner Black to Mr. Randall, chairman of the Appropriations committee, relative to the cost of the schemes now proposed for Congressional action in regard to increasing the pension list are simply astounding. They afford a striking exemplification of the thoughtless way in which wild plans are mooted on sentimental or other like grounds, without any consideration of the enormous expenditure to be thereby entailed. It is fair to suppose that if the data for the calculation of the cost were within the knowledge of the authors of such schemes, and were duly considered in regard to their practicability, they would never be submitted.

The inquiry of the chairman of the Appropriations committee had reference to two points—first, as to the cost resulting from the extension of time for filing applications for pensions under the acts of January and March, 1879, and second, as to the probable cost of repealing the limitation in regard to filing applications under those acts. The Commissioner shows that the cost resulting from the extension of time referred to in the first branch of the inquiry has amounted to $259,873,972 up to July 1, 1885. In regard to the second branch of the inquiry he says that if the limitation as to time imposed by the acts referred to be removed, all pensions will begin at date of the soldier's discharge, and that the result will be an increased charge on the treasury of $75,000,000, to pay pensioners now on the roll; and he estimates that the number who would be entitled to be entered on the roll would increase that charge to $302,836,200; that is, pension claims would swallow up, in effect, the whole revenue of the Government.

This is the gist of the Commissioner's statement. It is directed with all the force which a plain statement of figures can command against such reckless propositions as that of Mr. Browne, of Indiana, who desires to remove the present limitation of the Arrears-of-Pensions act to January 1, 1886. The cost of carrying this scheme into effect would be something over $300,000,000. If Mr. Browne had taken the cost into account it may readily be believed he would have long hesitated before advancing so extravagant a proposition.

The truth is—and these figures loudly emphasize it—it is high time to call a halt in regard to further extravagant legislation for the benefit of pensioners. No nation in history has acted so liberally as ours toward its disabled soldiers. What was generously given it does not now begrudge, but maintains and pays faithfully. Not only has the vast and expensive machinery of a great bureau been called into existence for the thorough consideration of every case which should be presented, but, lest any deserving claimant should be neglected, the time for making application to share in the Nation's beneficence has been amply extended. The money-limit of generous and grateful regard has been reached.

In the matter of pensioning its disabled soldiers or their dependent survivors, the Nation has done its duty. Congress has other duties to which its attention is invoked by the most patriotic considerations. It is not enough to regard the past. It is requisite also to secure the present and to provide for the future.

An evil feature in every new pension proposal is the demagogic spirit which it inevitably awakens. Congressmen vie with each other in propounding absurd plans for increasing pensions, which, if they were carried into effect, would bankrupt the treasury of the United States. Of course, many of them are not even seriously intended, and their real object is to ensnare and capture what is known as the soldier vote. But, like all insincere issues, they exercise a delusive effect on the public mind, and a belittling influence on political methods.

The time has come for answering with a decided negative every proposition to increase the pension charges of the Government whether the proposition is inspired by demagogism or corruption. Congress has done its full duty by the soldier, let it now turn its endeavor to doing its full duty to the people.—*Washington Post.*

——William Walter Phelps says Mr. Blaine will run again if he can be assured that he will receive the Irish vote. Oh, well, there will be no trouble about that. And we dare say Ben Butler will run again if he can be assured of the vote of Charles A. Dana.—*N. Y. Graphic.*